PUSHING FOR THE SOUTH POLE

Exploring a Desert Waste of Soundless Rocks and Ice.

COOK'S PLANS AND PROSPECTS

Former Expeditions to the Antarctic Sirele Barren of Results-Progress Barred by Blenk Mountains of Ice and Snow.

Anless present plans miscarry an expadition in command of Dr. Frederick Cook will start from New York the latter part of this month bound for the unknown region of the Antaretic circle. Dr. Cook will make his effort with two sailing vessels, and those neither the largest nor best. One will hardly expect him to sail farther or search deeper to the south than his predecessors in Antarctica; as dauntiess a brood as ever gave their orders through a speaking trumpet But it is fair and worth one's while, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat, to leave Dr. Cook to his cruise and reserve comment, whether of criticism or praise, until he re-

By what he threatens and intends in hi line of southern exploration he has excited questions of Antarctic sort; and one may well devote an hour to a rough round-up of what has been done in the empires of south-

While it has always been general theory that the regions about the north pole were the tossing waters of the ocean, with no land, the opposite idea prevails as to the south pole and its surroundings. That sul-len sea wanderer, Magellan, declared that a great continent surrounded the south pole and filled the Antarctic circle. This was in and filled the Antarctic circle. This was in 1520. But Magellan never saw this conti-nent; never, indeed, sought for it; and based his claim of wide lands to the south of everything and everybody on an argument. everything and everybody on an argument. Nobody at first paid much heed to the Mageilan theory. A dozen expeditions in three and a half centuries since his moody day have been launched and sailed to prove it. Here is what is now known—and guessed—of the region of Antarctica. It is a story made up, each furnishing his share, by Cook (the famous captain), Palmer, Bellinghousen, Weddell, Balleny, D'Urvelle and the Norweigian Larsen, which last adventurer brings one Largen, which last adventurer brings one down to 1893-94. January is the Antarctic July and midwinter at the north pole means mid-summer at the south pole, its neighbor over the way. It comes, therefore, that explorers pushing south, just as Dr. Cook proposes, began their operations in October, or what is the southern spring. Even then they found their season all too short to learn overmuch. As a result of all this prying southward it is known that a continent exists, whereof

whatever its interior might prove to beits share line, while irregular and ragged,
very nearly matches in its general trend the
Antarctic circle. In much of it, however,
the circle lies inland and the assumption is that this continent, by a line drawn in a fashion of Antarctic crosslets, is from 1,200 to 1,500 miles wide, or say rather in diame-ter. It is a volcano region, very busy spoutter. It is a voicano region, very busy spouting smoke and flame. Voicanoes were found
squarely south of Cape Horn, and others
equally violent were discovered on the opposite side of this Autarctic continent south
from Tasmania. The assumption is that voicanoes det the whole continent like ulcers.

The came the Challenger was a steam vessel,
and carried the map makers, Thompson and Those three points of known and familiar land which touch nearest to this ice continent are Cape Horn, distant from its shores some 600 miles; Cape of Good Hope, distant about 1,800 miles, and Tasmania, the southernmost reach of Australia, distant about 1.200 miles. South America, with its finger-like Cape Horn, will thus be seen to have the advantage—if such it be—of being the nearest neighbor to this mysterious conti-

nent of the utter south. When one says the continent of Antarctica seems volcanic in all its regions one has said the last possible warm thing about it. Man has never set foot upon it. But hawk-eyed sailors have overlooked it in portions from their mastheads, and report no vegetation of any kind; not even lichens. It would seem sailors have overlooked it in portions from their mastheads, and report no vegetation of any kind; not even lichens. It would seem, too, that while incidentally much visited by whales, seals and petrels in its shore line, and while much affected as a summer residence by that flipper winged composite, half fowl. half fish, the penguin, the main industry the continent is glaciers. It is the scene of constant storms and gusts and snow squalls. It is a region of snow wreaths and mists. As an outcome the entire continent would appear to be covered with a giant cap of ica This ice cap is constantly built upon and added to by the snow storms and the vapors. And it maintains a pauseless journey into the ocean to the north on every hand of the south pole. Make the entire circuit of the continet-a voyage, were one to make it, of full 5,000 miles-and at every point this great glacier would be discovered aliding into the doubtable Jesse James was killed. Bob Ford, ocean much like a blanket off a bed. As it who shot Jesse and afterward pleaded guilty ventures into the sea it breaks off into tremendous icebergs. This occurs the moment and was sentenced to be hanged by the St. mendous icobergs. This occurs the moment the glacier reaches water deep enough to float it, say 1,200 to 2,000 fest deep. The moment the glacier's feet, as it were, leave the ocean's bottom and it begins to awim, a portion of it breaks free from the parent glacier and floats out to sea in huge bergs, and the same of comotimes three or four miles in length and record of once in jeopardy as a bar to any riding above the water full 200 feet. These future indictments which might have be bergs have been found by explorers acting as preferred after Crittenden had ceased to be bergs have been found by explorers acting to a fashion of blockading fleet guarding the governor, and when a chief executive might whole parent coast. They surround it like a chain of ice pickets, threatening to grind and chain of ice pickets, threatening to grind and the curious page in the James and the company of the pickets. chain of ice pickets, threatening to grind and sink all who attempt to run their guard. It is noteworthy, too, that once within this girdle had a son about 13 years old. After Critten-

real land is still many miles away. In the cruptive instances of the volcanoes referred Governor Crittenden decided to simpley him. to they had, however, come down to within a The boy said he lived on Seventeenth street few miles of the lee front. in Kansas City, with his mother, who was a CAPTAIN COOK'S MISTAKE. Magellan, as stated above, had an antarcti Crittenden. "'James,' replied the boy. theory which constructed a continent covering the entire antarctic expanse. It was Captain Cook in the latter half of the last century who wiped out the Magellanic continent and convinced geographers that it did not exist. This was the same Cook, by the way, who it is supposed became subsequently ergetic and valuable youth, and the governor ergetic and valuable youth, and the governor ergetic and valuable youth, and the governor "At that point somebody came in to distract Crittenden's attention, and he simply adopted way, who it is supposed became subsequently ergetic and valuable youth, and the governor 'lone pig' at a cannibal feast, and found a was delighted with his choice. He supposed multiplicity of sepulcaer in the remorseless all the time that the name 'James' stomachs of the Sandwich Islanders. It was him by the boy was his first name. In 1773, after Magellan's continent had been | end of a week Governor Crittenden had occabelieved in for 253 years, that Captain Cook in to draw a check for his office boy's saliry, ran the iceberg blockade, taking every crunching risk, and in January, 1774, reached latitude 77 degrees 16 micutes. This was at a point southwest of Patagonia. Yet Cook "James," replied the boy. asked Governor Crittenden, as he dipped his pen in the ink bottle.

"'James,' replied the boy.

"Is that your last name?' inquired Critnever saw this antarctic continent; never be-lieved in it. On this voyage he went 600 miles further south than any mariner had "Yes,'
"Well, what is your first name, then?"
asked the executive, somewhat surprised. ever been, and sailed completely around the continent in question, circumnavigating the globe at one of its small ends. Cook, on this voyage, penetrated the antarctic circle at four different points, and never once beheld Jesse James.
"To say that Crittendon was astonished the mighty, unbroken ice barrier which makes the shores of this cheerless world. This would smack of bad luck on the part of to overlap the antarctic circle in much of its extent. But Cook never found it and emerged finally from out the legbergs with the remark: "This at least puts an end to the fallacy of Magellan touching the existence of an antarctic continent." Captain Cook was wrong, however, and old Magellan's reasoning was stronger than his research. But still Cook settled it for nearly half a

If was an American whaler who first discovered land inside the antarctic circle. His name was Paimer, and he wasn't looking for continents, but for oil. It often happens thus, Commerce expleres, traffic finds new peoples, and tase bills of exchange bear back the wilderness. That part of the great continuat of the antarctic signted by the Yankee captain while chasing his natural prey, the whales, was named after him—Paimer Land—by the Russian Captain Bellinghausen, who met Palmer at the Shetlands and was on his way thither when he sailed the American

way thither when he sales.

Soon after Paimer, an English whaler.
Captain Weddell, ran the iceberg blockade.
He found the waters beyond unusually open and free of the floating ice. Still one would not be the floating ice. Still one would be the floating ice. Still one would be the floating ice. Still one would consider the floating ice. Still one would be the floating ice. Still one would consider the floating ice.

ports sixty-six bergs in sight at one time, any one of them as hig as an island. As nine-tenths of their bulk and more was under water, they were fully as dangerous to strike against. This Weddell was a seman and a gentleman of nerve, for he pushed bobily in among these chilly ice giants, and held the south until brought up by the towering front of ice which makes the antarctic shore line. On Pahruary 20, during the antarctic au-Deserted Mining Towns that Dot the

lying off the mainland many leagues, beach of rock was about a yard wide

LATER EXPEDITIONS.

evel of the sea, perfectly flat and level at

the sea. He named them after his two boat,s, the Erebus and the Terror, after which he sat Jown and logged the following:

each successive jet with great force in a vertical column to the height of between 1,500 and 2,000 feet above the mouth of the

crater. The diameter of the smoke column was between 200 and 300 feet. Whenever the

smoke cleared away the bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible and some of the officers be-

lieved they could see streams of lava pouring down the sides until lost in the snow."

found the ice barrier impossible of defeat

CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

"There is a curious little page in the his-

family," said Representative Hall of Mis-

souri to a Chicago Times-Herald reporter.

"which was never written. Governor Critten-

den, now consul general to Mexico, was chief

executive of Missouri at the time the re-

doubtable Jesse James was killed. Bob Ford.

to a charge of murder in the first degree

"'What is your name?' asked Governor

" 'Jesse,' answered the boy. 'My name is

of icebergs fairly open water is found until den had ceased to be governor he opened law

Ross skirted the ice barrier for hundreds of

On February 20, during the antarctic au-tumn, Weddell had reached 17 degrees 17 min-IRWIN'S BUSTLING DAYS AND ITS MAYOR utes south latitude, or a point over 214 miles further zouth than Captain Cook, whom the cannibals are. Weddell reports that he found

Mountains of Colorado.

Though Dead, His Prayer Became the waters close in by the ice barrier almost free of bergs, and speaks of nighting many whales and scale, and that be found pena Campaign Document-Gothic Billerton and Other Ruins

-Millions Wasted.

guins and ocean fowl in great humbers.

After Weddell two more British whalers pushed southward in spite of the ite. These were Biscoe and Bellany. In 1831, Biscoe, taking every risk, skirted the mysterious "Scenery is about all alike in Colorado," south pole continent for full one-third of its coast. Everywhere the unbroken wall of ice, from 150 to 200 feet high, sheerly perpendicular, defied him to land. Bellany did get ashore at a group of little islands said an old time prospector to a representative of the New York Sun. "Rocks and water and clouds and trees tossed into fantastic shapes and grand proportions soon tire one. It takes the presence of man to make the sights of a country interesting. When I rest was gizeler. A volcano was smoking on one of these islands and Bellany was much edified as the first explorer to find a volcano was a boy in school I remember that I used to read a line set as copy for writing like this: 'The proper study of mankind is man,' on its busy day within the antarctic region. That sentiment is true, too, and it was man In the latter half of the 30's, three expe who made the most interesting sights of ditions sailed on a marine scout into the antarctic. The French started d'Urville in 1836, the Americans Wilker in 1838, and the Colorado. Did you ever hear of the mayor of Irwin? No? That's what I thought. You don't remember the prayer of the mayor of English Ross, in 1839. Wilkes of the three did the most and was awarded the founders' Irwin to Grover Cleyeland, which went the medal by the Royal Geographical society.

While every one of the three intrepid spirits skirted the ice cliffs of the antarctic shores for miles, everywhere they were baffled. Not one of them could land. One might as well attempt to land on the reof of a block of buildings. Nowhere could they scale or even attempt to scale the sheer cliff of blue ice presented by the autarctic shores for the mayor of Irwin was dead long before that prayer was invented by a Gunnison county editor. The prayer was characterrounds of the newspapers last year, wherein county editor. The prayer was characteristic of the Colorado silverite, who has about oven attempt to scale the sheer cliff of blue ice presented by the antarctic glacier.

The Englishman Ross kept up an incessant ransack of these ice coasts at points nearest New Zealand, and in 1841 reports to not mountainous region." This was in 78 degrees latitude. Ross said the shore "was covered with an unbroken and descending less than the partier which with no interesting to the country editor. The prayer was characteristic of the Colorado silverite, who has about as much use for Cleveland as the devil has for holy water. It was only a happy inspiration of the country editor, who, after developing the idea, hunted around for somebody to father the prayer. The mayor of Irwin being dead, and the town along with him, the being dead, and the town along with him, the editor found in the circumstances his opporing ice barrier, which, with no indentations or harbors, extended miles into the sea, and so rendered land inaccessible." Ross described the lcc barrier as "a perpendicular cliff of ice, between 140 and 200 feet above the tunity.

"Irwin, along with a dezen other towns I might name, is an abandoned town. If one could only dig up all the history connected with the life of the camps when they were centers of bustle and activity some mighty interesting stories could be found. I fancy that one old New Yorker would swear long the top and without fissures or promontories on its seaward face." Ross sighted two volcanoes rising wart-like in the interior. Their comes were 10,000 to 12,000 feet above and earnestly if one were to suggest to him to relate his experiences in the town of Irwin. He lost about \$250,000 in that camp, besides the money a scapegrace of a son made away with while living there. It was early in the "Mount Erebus emitted smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. Dense smoke was projected at with while living there. It was early in the spring of 1879 that the Gunnison excitement waged at its worst. Thousands of men climbed over the snowy summits and broke trails through the passes to get into the Gunnison country, and money was ready for investment in almost any scheme. High up in isolated districts prospectors discovered silver and gold leads, and with every discovery a town was formed. If a camp was so fortunate town was formed. If a camp was so fortunate as to make two discoveries of pay dirt it blossomed forthwith into a city of some pretensions. Such a town was Irwin, which at one time boasted of 3,000 residents, besides a tributary population scattered all over the mountains prospecting for wealth in the rocks.
"Today there are four families left in the

miles, and found it never off its key guard for a moment. It was impregnable; nowhere could be land. He cruised sixty-three days within the antarctic circle, but the beginning of the antarctic winter turned his indefatigaplace, and but one mine is producing ore. Down below the town about a half mile are the ruins of a great mill. Great excavations were made in the mountain side, stone was quarried, shaped, and hauled to the spot, and foundations that might last for ages were laid for the superstructure of a great ore re-duction plant. Expensive machinery was drawn from Salida over Marshall Pass and and carried the map makers, Thompson and Murray. The last important inroad of the up the steep trails by teams, and after it was all set up ready for work it was discovered that the mill could make flour as successfully as it could extract the silver from the ores of that camp. The son of the man who furnished the money had been sent out to superline the work and he execut the state of the state Antartic was a triffe over a year ago, when the Norwegian steam whaler Janson, com-manded by Larsen, crowded through the cordon of icebergs to see what waters or what country lay beyond. Larsen, like the others, He could make no landing. He steamed in close and skirted it for miles, looking for superintend the work, and he spent the old man's cash with a lavish hand. He went a fast pace, for Irwin was a fast city in those what might be made a path by which to scale its icy steeps. He had no success. From the masts of the Janson he could overdays. Other parties bought the mill for a song, took what machinery was available and carted off to other camps, leaving the remainder to rust away in the midst of the

"The mill was located near the town of Ruby, which later succumbed before the more rapid growth of Irwin, higher up in the gulch. Town lots in Irwin sold as high as \$3,000; a dozen hotels were erected, a bank was established husings between of considerable ass tablished, business houses of considerable pretensions were put up, and many neatly constructed frame cottages ornamented the residence district. A church with a tall steeple was placed upon an eminence back of the main business street, and a school house was Young Jesse James Sought a Job set up across the wide gulch opposite the church. An enterprising citizen appeared before the town council in those bustling days and secured a franchise to place in the city tory of Jesse James, or rather that of his a system of water works. He secured a contract to furnish the town with water for fire protection at \$150 a month and laid mains and set fire hydrants at every corner. The fire department of Irwin became noted for its prowess and at several annual tournaments captured valuable prizes.

"Stages and freighters' trains conveyed the passengers from Salids, the terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande road, across the pass and up the trails to Irwin, and all the com-forts of civilized living were to be had in the town. But the camp lasted only a few years. Several mines, it is true, were developed and considerable ore was produced, but the prospectors at last descrited the district for more seductive fields, and the city of Irwin gradually ceased to officially exist. The mayo of Irwin was about the last to go. When every saloon, variety theater and business had died and the government had discontinued the office; after the mines had closed down and the shaft houses had begun to show signs of decay, the mayor one evening re-turned to his bachelor quarters over the only one is squarely met by the perpendicular front of the general glacier, which, rising a sheer 200 feet of ice as plumb as a wall of masonry, makes for all practical purposes the shore line of the continent. However, as the water is not less than 1,200 feet deep at the water is not less than 1,200 feet deep at the shallower rount against this ice wall one is remaining hotel office-which really was no more than a boarding house for the few miners who worked in the Mountain Gem mine-and in the morning he was found dead

water is not less than 1.200 feet deep at the shallowest point against this ice wall, one is at liberty to infer that with a gradual shoal real land is still many miles away. In the and frank. After talking with him a bit "It is an odd sight to walk along the treets of Irwin over well preserved plank sidewalks and observe the signs of a once prosperous community. A sign, 'Bank of Irwin,' still creaks in the winds; other signs indicate that about every line of trade was once represented; still others show that the town was deemed worthy of attention by advertisers of patent nostrums. The water still flows through the mains and fire hy drants, free to all comers. All supplies for the families now residing there are brought foundation of Irwin become a lively coal minng camp, furnishing anthracite coal and coke

"Then there is the town of Gothic, over the mountains from Irwin, which was ones a center for prospectors about Gothle mountain. I believe that only one family now resides within its corporate limits. Occasionally in summer a prospector or miner goes up the old trail to the camp to do a little assessment work or look after a patented claim which the owner hopes some day may become valuable, but it will be many a year before the town of Gothic again gets a postoffice or shows any sypmtoms of life. I presume in the two towns I have mentioned over \$3,000,000 changed hands during the few

years of excitement.
"Billerton, over toward the Continental di-Jesse, answered the boy. 'My name is Jesse, answered the boy.' My name is Jesse James.'

"To say that Crittendon was astonished would be a mild way to teil it. He began an inquiry into the boy's antecedents, which developed the fact that he was the oldest son of the dead gutlaw and bore his' father's name. No, there was no plot in it. The whole thing was one of those accidents which now and then astonish men. It did seem strange that the office boy whom Crittenden selected, as it were, in the dark, should be the son of that celebrated robber whose beloody taking off the energy of Crittenden had brought about. No, Crittenden did not keep the boy, but he did what was better had brought about. No, Crittenden did not keep the boy, but he did what was better till. He hunted him up a situation where he got a better chance to expand and twice as much salary."

Bucklen's Armien Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruizes, sores, uicers, sait rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures plies, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 certs per box. For sale by Kuhn

"Billerton, over toward the Continental divide, near where the South Park crosses through Alpine Pass, was another great center in those days. We used to hear of murders in those days. We used to hear of murders, the remains of early every week. It was a stage station first for the rushing crowds who were racing into the Guunnison country, and after-two ward a shipping point for mines up in the Tin Cup district. Billerton had a newspaper, two smeiters, variety theaters, and business bouses for outfitting prospectors and tourists. The Tin Cup district was so named because of the rumor that a miner had washed out \$100 in gold with a tin drinking cup. Following the rumor that a miner had washed out \$100 in gold with a tin drinking cup. Following the rumor that a miner had washed out \$100 in gold with a tin drinking cup. Following the rumo

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, sicers, sait rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn Pat Murphy of St. Louis was the owner, and for several years he was a great gun in that part of the country. He shipped his ore to the east, and was said to have obtained fabulous returns. Some hot springs were discovered near Hortense which were believed to be of great medicinal value. An enterprising Yankee built near the springs a magnificent hotel, supplied with all the modern improvements and capable of accommodating 100 guests. He thought that as a summer recort and sanitarium that place would eclipse all others. I guess the bears and wildcats are

the only living creatures that ever see the hotel now. I don't believe a human being has set eyes on it for years."

WOODPECKERS' TONGUES,

From not the least prolific compartment of the Department of Agriculture, the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, comes new food for farmers, exclaims the jubilant New York Son. A flush of joy rises to the sunbrowned cheek of agriculture whenever the government printing office sends forth a new bulletin of the ornithologists and mammalogists. Farmers cry for these bulletins, knowing them to be full of indispensable information. The latest bulletin throws light upon two subjects which are at this moment eagerly discussed in every farm house. This bulletin contains a "Preliminary Report of the Food of Woodpeckers," by Mr. F. E. L. Beal, assistant ornithologist, and a too brief, but most instructive paper upon "The Tongues of Woodpeckers," by Mr. F. A. Lucas, curator of the Department of Com-parative Anatomy in the National museum, Anybody who has ever been to a farmers' meeting or even to a cattle show must have noticed the great interest of the farmers in the stomachs and tongues of woodpeckers. What does the woodpecker eat and what is the relation between what he eats and the shape of his tongue. Obviously these are questions of immense importance to agri-culture. Perhaps if the ornithologists and mammalogists had considered them earlier the Farmers alliance and the peoples party might not have sprung up. Late as it comes, however, any contribution to the study of the stomachic and lingual peculiarities of woodpeckers is sure of a massive welcome.

A careful study of Mr. Beal's report must convince any fair-minded person that the

vegetarian restaurant; Grain: Indeterminable. Fruit:
Dogwood berries (cornus florida), (C. alternifolia), and (C. asperifolia).
Virginia creeper berries (parthenocissus quinquefolia).

June or service berries (amelanchier cana-Strawberries (fragaria), Pokeberries (phytolacca decandra), Unidentified.

woodpecker eats too much. Take the Downy

Woodpecker (dryobates pubescens). He is a little bit of a chap, but he has a bill of fare which would do credit to the most elaborate

Miscellaneous;
Poison ivy seeds (rhus radicans).
Poison sumac seeds (rhus vernix).
Harmless sumac seeds (rhus sp.?).
Mullein seeds (verbascum thapsus).
Hornbeam seeds (ostrya virginana)
Nut, unidentified.
Flower petals and buds.
Galls.
Cambium.
Seeds, unidentified.

Seeds, unidentified, Rubbish.

Certainly a very eclectic vegetarian. But the Flicker (Colaptes auratus) can eat more than the Downy. The Red-Bellied Wood-pecker (Melanerpes Carolinus), otherwise known as the Orange Sapsucker, is very fond of sweet oranges. The gizzard of a great Pileated Woodpecker, shot by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, contained hundreds of large ants, a fact which seems to show that the Great Pileated Woodpecker is, like Hon. J. Sterling Morton, averse to the protection of industry. We pick out these as specimen facts of great concern to farmers. We could wish, however, for more details of the food of that very interesting bird, the Arctic Three-Toed Woodpecker (Picoides Articus). He appears to be a flesh eater and not a vegetarian. His animal food consists of 63 per cent of wood-boring Coleopterous larvae. 11 per cent of Lepidopterous larvae, and 9 per cent of Hymenopterous insects. We hope to hear more about him in the future. This fascinating paper upon "The Tongues f Woodpeckers" considers the "Relation of

the Form of the Tongue to the Character of the Food." Thousands of farmers have taken their hands from the plow and thought long upon the question thus lucidly stated by Mr.

Whether the tongues of birds are of value in classification, or whether the modifications of the tongue, at least the external modifications, are due to adaptation to the character of the food or the manner in which food is manipulated? Indeed, the question must have aroused the curiosity of everybody who has seen a woodpecker peck. Mr. Lucas treats the sub-ject in clear and popular language, free from any touch of scientific pedantry. Since the

appearance of Dr. C. Hart Merriam's noble monograph on Pocket Gophers we have in culture a more masterly piece of popular science than Mr. Lucas's description of the hyoid bone, "the framework on which the woodpecker's tongue is built":

woodpecker's tongue is built':

The hyoid is so constructed as to combine the two characters of length and strength that are needed for extensile purposes. The front of the hyoid is formed by the short, fused cerato-hyals, although a groove, or in some cases a perforation, indicates the double origin of this bone. The basi-hyal is usually very long and very slender, and the cerato-branchials abut upon its posterior end, the basi-branchial being absent, nor have any indications of this bone been found even in very young specimens. The ceratoend, the basi-branchial being absent, nor have any indications of this bone been found even in very young specimens. The ceratobranchials and epi-branchials are variable, especially the latter, which, as in the sapsucker (Sphyrapicus), may be no longer than in many passeres, or, as in the flickers (Colaptes), reach the maximum length among birds. The epi-branchials curve up over the back of the skull, meet on its summit, and continue on toward the forehead. In other long-tongued birds, as in the hummingbird (Trochilus), for example, the apposed bones reach to the base of the bill, but in the longest-tongued woodpeckers they turn to the right, pass through the right narial opening, dipping under the nostril, and thence continue quite to the tip of the bill, so that in these species the extreme possible length of tongue is reached unless some other device is resorted to. The cerato-branchials lie side by side when the tongue is protruded, and even when it is withdrawn they are posteriorly but little separated. The general character of the hyoid is constant in all species examined, but, as just stated, the proportions of its component parts vary, the extremes being represented by the sapsucker (Sphyrapicus) and the flicker (Colaptes).

This work, which ought to be in the hands of every woodpecker farmer, is embellished with spirited portraits of well known wood-peckers and views of their tongues and the tips of their tongues. We doubt if the D-partment of Agriculture has ever performed a more useful service than in favoring farmers with these views. Nobody can gaze upon the counterfelt presentment of the tongue of the soddenback woodpecker or of the tip of the tongue of the red-napid sapsucker without feeling a new veneration for the labors of the department, and more especially for those of its ornithologists and mammalogists.

WHISKERS MET A PORCUPINE He Found His Lips Full of Quills. Some folks do not believe that the porcupine can leave his quills in an enemy's flesh, but Whiskers knows better. Whiskers is the

most human of dogs, says the New York Sun, and is beloved by a large family of suburbans and all their friends. He is the enemy of all cats save those attached to the household of which he is a part, and on the rare occasions when he comes to New York, like Benvenuto Ceilini, he turns the corner wide in the hope of spying his feline enemies before they spy him. Whiskers always hopes to find a cat round the corner, because he encountered one the first time he turned a corner in New York. Whiskers, to the grief of a large circle of friends at home, is summering in the Adirondacks, and that is where he made the ac-quaintance of the porcupine. He was out in a boat one night when a noise ashore led his master to suspect the presence of a deer. So Whiskers was hastily and silently put ashore. He at once disappeared in the woods, and two minutes later he made loud signals of distress. The master, believing that Whiskers, who weighs but a dozen pounds, had possibly tackled a bear, hastened with his gun in the direction of the cries, and found Whiskers is a state of great distress, but no enemy visible The dog, whining with pain, was carried to the boat and thence to the camp hard by where his lips were found to be literally studded with porcupine quills. The larger quills were drawn by hand and the smaller with a pair of tweezers. The operation oc-cupled nearly two hours and left Whiskers a very sick dog. It is the belief of Whiskers friends that he suffers as much from humilis tion as from physical pain, as it is supposed that he still believes the porcupine to have been some new and dreadful sort of cat, and never before was he vanquished by one of his hereditary enemies.

perial Champagne "after a night of it" makes the new day bright

Tales of the Troubles with Cattle Rustlers Flashes of Joy and Light for Farmers from National Sources. in the West.

THE NERVE OF A FRENCH MARQUIS

Coolly Walks Through a Gang Walting to Hang Him-Collapse and Recovery of an Englishman-Where Shots Counted.

Some old plainsmen were sitting in the smoking compartment of a car on the Northern Pacific when, just after sunset, it came in sight of the dark red house trimmed with black, with its broad player overlooking a tiny stream, which the Marquis de Mores built on his headquarters ranch at Medora. The view of that house, says the New York Sun, started some of the old plainsmen to telling stories of the range. "I was on a train coming out here one day," said one, "when the marquis had his private car hitched to the end of the train. It was at just about the height of the trouble he had with the rustlers, and if I hadn't known about it before I would have learned the fact sure that trip. I had met the marquis as a cattleman, and so when he happened through the train and saw me he invited me to have a cigar with him in his car. It was a good cigar, too. "Well, we sat there talking until we were about fifty or sixty miles from Medora, when the conductor came in with a telegram that said 300 men, all armed, had gathered at Medora to give the marquis a reception that would end in killing him. The conductor wanted to know what he should do with the

car of the marquis.
"'Oh,' said the marquis, 'I wouldn't bother about that now. Wait till we get there and I'll tell you what to do." "So the conductor went out feeling about as nervous as he had ever felt in his life, as he said afterward, for he knew some of the gang said afterward, for he knew some of the gang to be very much in earnest in their determination to kill the Frenchman. But the marquis was not disturbed a little bit. He didn't even mention the subject after the conductor went out. After a couple of hours or so the conductor came into the car again. "'Here's your station,' he said, 'and they are all waiting for you."
"That's all right,' said the marquis, 'just set my car on the siding opposite the platform.'

form.'
"We pulled up to the platform, and it was well covered with men, every one of whom would have been glad to see the marquis string up to a telegraph pole, but that Frenchman, as smiling and chipper as ever he was in a ball room, stepped off the car, nodded to the men here and there whom he knew by sight, and walking right through the gang went up to his house on the hill there. It was his nerve that saved him. They were just tough enough to like it."
"You remember when they had the rustler war in Wyoming?" said another. "I was down in Cheyenne at the time the outfit left.
A little Englishman had come to town the day before with letters of introduction, and found he could go along and see the rustlers done for. But when, as you remember, the rustlers got the best of it and cooped up the whole outfit, the Englishman's nerve oozed away until he hadn't a single strand of it left. He was simply limp with fear. Then came the rescue from the fear of as-sassination, but with it the certainty of long imprisonment. Weeks and even months passed with the poor devil lying on his cot and counting flies to pass the time. At last, after about three months of utter weariness he got out on bail. Haggard and unshave and covered with dirt, he left the cour house, and hastening to the telegraph of fice he wrote a message to friends i England. It contained just one word:

"Then he disappeared for three hours when back he came to the telegraph office with new trousers rolled up at the bottom, new white shirt open at the throat, and a new silk hat on the northeast corner of his head. There was a roll in his gait, a radiant smile on his mouth, and an unsteady look in his eyes, but taking a pen in his hand he braced himself and wrote another mes-sage as brief and to the point as the former one. It said:

That rustler war was the worst man aged affair of the kind ever known to the west," began another plainsman. "Why, every move made was advertised in the papers in advance. When we determined to get rid of the rustlers in Montana we gave the matter into the hands of a man who could be trusted, and he went from ranch to ranch and selected his men. It was Tom, get three saddle horses and come along with me,' and Tom went. There were no ques-tions asked and no tales told. Tom's pay went on just the same and he got \$120

month from the association besides. Tom was gone several months in all, but when he came back there were no more rustlers.
Tom had done for all of them."
"How many were 'all of them?" asked a way. But what I was going to tell you was what a close call I got from one of my

own men. I was riding alone down near hought might be a party of my own men. As they were going my way I took into the trail and followed it until it ran along under a pretty tall bluff; then I heard a noise off over my shoulder and turned my head to see what it was. What do you think? see what it was. What do you the bead There was Tom, my own man, with a bead on me and pulling the trigger at that. Couldn't stop even when he recognized my face, but another man did manage to hit face, but another man did manage to hit up the rifle and the bullet went into the bank, passing about an inch over my head. The trail I was on was that of some rustlers my men were after and I was thought to be one of the gang."

"We had some lively times in those days," said another. "I remember being on the train about here one night. It was the eastbound train, anyway, and about as dark as it is now, or a little later, perhaps. We'd stopped at a water tank and I was smoking here just as we are now, when one of my men came into the car. It was a hundred miles from the ranch, and I was mightily surprised, for he was badly winded and could just talk in a whisper.

"'Quick!' he said. 'Hide me somewhere There's six of 'em after me.'
"'Get into the berth over mine,' said telling him my number.
"'It won't do. They'll be in here and search every berth,' he replied, and so I just put him in my own berth and got in in front of him. I hadn't got my head on the pillow when they came: and they looked into every berth, too, but when they saw me they didn't recognize
me, and that is all that saved both of us."
"When I hear such stories as that," said
the tenderfoot, "I think I was born twenty
years too late."

"You mean you'd like to have seen some of that sort of life, eh?" asked the cattleman "Yes."

The cattleman laughed, "You make me think of an Englishman I knew, only you're luckier," he said. "He came here to see the life, and died forty years

reer of the James Brothers.

"Where I live in southern tucky." said the doctor to Courier-Journal, "the uncle of famous outlaws, Frank and Jesse James, lives also on a big farm, and here, when pursuit of them became too flerce, these bandits used to come, while detectives scoured the country and state officers dreamed of the price set on their heads.

"Of course, we more than guessed who the gentlemanly looking strangers were who appeared every now and then, and after-acci-



It Is Merely Good Health.

That beautiful complexion is health, preserved by Ripans Tab-

Ripans Tabules purify the blood clear the skin of blemishes and make life more worth living,

unleaded them, buckled the belt around the collapsed form and, rushing in the room cried: 'Jesse, we are surrounded; caught like rats in a trap; fight for your life.' In an instant the outlaw sprang to his feet, his eyes flashed and he stood with a pistol cocked in each hand. After a while he collapsed again, but time after time, when he was practically dead, we called him back to life with that cry: 'You are caught.'

"Think what a fear such as that must be like. The horror of it was so great that he responded to it when dead to exercise the control of the contr

recponded to it when dead to every other sensation in this world. Can you imagine what it must be to have that torturing fear what it must be to have that torturing fear of something degging your footsteps, walk-ing in your shadow, haunting your dreams, and waking you up in the dead hours of the night with a cold sweat on your forehead. 'You are caught! Fight for a life red with crime and black with the shadow of the gal-lows!' What wonder such a fear went be-yond life into death itself. And that," said the doctor, "is one of the romantic and de-lightful experiences of the gay life of the

HIS APPEARANCE WAS DECEPTIVE.

club man to a Washington Star reporter. passenger on an avenue car one evening. A gentleman, accompanied by two stylishly dressed young ladies, got aboard. He

A gentleman, accompanied by two stylishly dressed young ladies, got aboard. He didn't look much for size, but he was got up regardless. His**linen was the whitest his collar the highest, his clothes fitted him to perfection, his tall hat was the shiniest, and his trousers couldn't have been creased more. He looked like a typical dude—nothing to him but clothes. The car was not crowded, but fairly well filled. On the rear platform were a couple of toughs who had evidently been drinking, for one of them leered at the young ladies as they passed and made an insuiting remark. The young man passed into the car apparently without noticing the insuit. When the ladies were seated he politely lifted his hat and asked to be excused a moment. Upon reaching the platform he quietly said: You made a remark as those ladies passed.

"Well, what the — is that to you?" "Bim! I never saw such a quick blow. The fellow flew off the platform as if he had been shot out of a gun. Of course, his companion jumped to his assistance, but he had scarcely moved before he was retwith one straight from the shoulder. He, too, landed on the asphait. But the young man was not satisfied. He jumped off, and as one of his victims attempted to get up gave him a settler and there they boll, lay completely knocked out. Of course the conductor had stopped the car, but it was hardly necessary, for it was the quickest fight to a finish I ever saw or heard of. When the supposed dude rejoined the ladies his immaculate attire was not a bit rumpled; he wasn't even breathing hard. You could have thought he had simply gone out to speak to some one. He apologized for having left them, and I don't believe they had any idea what he had done. The next day I saw the young man on the street and said to a friend, Do you know who that is?"

"Why, yes. Don't you? I thought all the boys knew him. He's the champion all-round athlete of one of the big Philadelphia clubs, and has more medals and sparring than any man in Philadelphia."

"So I say appearances are mighty dece

civilized or savage tribe in existence. The dying person is never permitted to pass away naturally, but is dispatched with a "sacred" club kept for that purpose as soon as he or she is announced as being be yond all hopes of recovery. The corpse is immediately stripped and painted (red in the case of males, yellow if a female, and the head drawn down between the knees and firmly bound in that position. Next the corpse is carried to a corner of the room, where it is allowed to remain until the first night of the new moon, no odds if that date should be a full four weeks from the day of death. As soon as the new moon is seen in the west the corpse is removed from the corner with much ceremony and suspended in a rawhide bag from one of the rafters, or from a "corpse hook" in the ceiling. After hanging thus suspended for seven days and nights the remains are taken down and sent to the "corpse cutter," a sort of govern-mental "undertaker." This important indi-vidual ties the body to a post and removes the decaying flesh, which is fed to the count-less swarms of wolves and wild dogs which infest that portion of the Orient.

peared every now and then, and after—accidents—had happened to some amateur detectives who tried to arrest them we let them come and go undisturbed.

"On one of these visits Jesse James, tired of a life that had lost its charms, wornout with being hunted from place to piace like a badgered animal, perhaps remorseful for his many crimes, tried to commit suicide by taking an immense dose of morphine.

"I was sent for and held a prisoner in the house for three days. When I arrived he was almost dead. I tried every antidote for morphine poisoning, but without success, and I finally said to his brother: 'Is there no way to frighten him? Rouse him any way you can.' Frank took Jesse's pistols, After the flesh has been carefully removed

RAILWAY TIME CARD

Leaves BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER. Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Six. Omah

Leaves CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & Q. Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 19th & Mason Sts. | Omah Omanaj Union Depot, 19th & Mason Sts. | Omana 4:45pm. Chicago Vestibule. 9:50am 9:50am Chicago Express 4:15pm 7:50pm Chicago & St. Louis Express 8:30am 11:35am Pacific Junction Local 5:30pm Fast Mail. 2:40pm 12:40pm Leaves CHICAGO, Mil. & ST. PAUL, Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 19th & Mason Sts. Omaha 6:30cm Chicago Limited

Leaves CHICAGO & NORTHWEST'N Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. Omah

Omana Chion Depot Peta & Mason Co.

10:40am Eastern Express 4 22pm Vestibuled Limited 6:55am Me Valley Local 5:45pm Omaia Chicago Special ... 5:45pm Omaia Chiengo Special 10:55pm Leaves CHICAGO, R. I. & PACIFIC Arrives Omaha Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sta. Openia

WEST. Omaha Depot, 15th and Weisster Sts. | Omaha 8:10am | Shoux City Accommodation | 8:15am | 12:15 | (Sloux City Express (ex. Sun.) | 12:5am | 12:15 | (Sloux City Express (ex. Sun.) | 12:5am | 13:5am | 13: 9:50am ... Kansas City Day Express ... 5:50pm 9:45pm K. C. Night Ex. via U. P. Trans. 6:50am Leaves | Missouri Pacific | Arrives Omaha | Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. | Omah Leaves SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Arrives
Omaha Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. Omaha
6:10pm St. Paul Limited 10:35am
Leaves SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Arrives
Omaha|Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. Omaha
6:55am Sioux City Passenger 10:35pm
5:35pm St. Paul Limited 12:35pm

UNION PACIFIC.
 Omanatunion Depot.
 Pin & Mason S.S.
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 9:45am
 Kearney
 Express
 12:30pm

 2:00pm
 Overland
 Flyer
 \$ 20pm
 5:30pm

 2:00pm
 Beat'ce & Stromsb'g
 Ex (ex Sun) 12:30pm
 12:30pm
 12:30pm

 1:20pm
 Pacific
 Express
 10:23am
 5:45pm
 Fast
 Mail
 4:10pm
 Leaves | WABASH RAILWAY. | Arrives Grana Union Depot, 10th & Mason Sts. | Omaha 4 60m.... .St. Louis Cannon Ball 12:35pm

SCHEDULE OF STATE FAIR TRAINS Via Union Pacific.

Effective Friday, Sept. 13, Saturday, Sept. 14 and Sunday, Sept. 15, 1895.

tive, and I'm not picking quarrels with	wome.					
well dressed strangers." WHERE PEOPLE NEVER DIE. When Near Their End They Are Dispatched with a Club. In Ching-che-Li, one of the most northern districts of Thibet, a burial custom exists which a writer on such subjects says is the most repulsive manner of disposing of the dead that is known to be practiced by any	Conneil Bluffs B'dway Tr'sfer		Omaha	Sheelys	South Omaha	Fair Ground
	RETURNING.					
	Leave Fair	Couth Omaha	Sheelys	Omaha	Council Bluffs.	
	Ground				Trater.	B'dway

Effective Monday, Sept. 20, to Friday, Sept. 20, inclusive.

Omaha Sheelys South Omaha

B'dway | Tr'sfer

Sheelys Omaha